

# Dramatic Scene Exemplars from Last Year

## Dramatic Scene #1

### Stolen

*(The curtain opens, Two girls walk at 10:00 P.M, one named Amanda and the second named Kelly. They are wearing sweatpants and big coats. It is pretty cold outside; the end of Fall. The girls are walking in a pretty trashed alley. The lids of the trashcans are are opened, overflowing with pizza boxes and take-out leftovers. There is a dim, flickering streetlight a bit away from where the girls are walking. It is silent out in the dark night. They have a little conversation.)*

AMANDA: Have you seen that new movie, Moonrise? It is so good.

KELLY: No. Am I missing out?

*(KELLY says as she steps over an empty milk carton)*

AMANDA: Yes! We should definitely watch it when we get to your house.

*(AMANDA dodges broken glass on the ground)*

KELLY: What is it about?

AMANDA: It's about this family who goes to Disneyland and two of the sons get lost and kidnapped.

KELLY: Wow! Sounds pretty interesting! We should watch it after dinner.

AMANDA: Let's take that shortcut that we always take.

KELLY: *(Worriedly)* Won't that be a bit dangerous considering it's a bit sketchy and it's so dark out?

AMANDA: I think we will be fine. It's not like anything has ever happened to us before, right?

*(There is a ruffling noise in the direction of the shortcut. AMANDA and KELLY look at each other. KELLY shrugs.)*

KELLY: Let's go.

*(Backdrop lowers. KELLY and AMANDA are now in a narrow alley with no lights.*

*KELLY'S pace speeds up while AMANDA is almost running to catch up.)*

AMANDA: *(Whispering)* Why are you walking so fast? There is nothing to be afraid of.

KELLY: *(Speaking quickly)* I don't know. I'm just a bit worried, I guess.

*(A man in black starts to walk behind the girls silently. They do not notice him even when he is only a few feet behind them.)*

AMANDA: *(Relieved)* The shortcut is almost done and we will be in your house in just a few minutes. *(She turns around and sees a man looking right at her)*

KELLY: Phew!

AMANDA: *(In a terrified, soft whisper)* Ummm, I think that a man is following us.

*(KELLY turns around trying not to be noticed by the man)*

KELLY: What do we do?

AMANDA: *(Through clenched teeth)* Just walk faster

*(The man lunges forwards and grabs them both by the coat. He pulls them back and they try to fight back but they can't. He grips them tighter but on the arm this time since they were trying to wriggle out of their coats.)*

KELLY: *(Whisper)* Help!

MAN: Say one more word and I'm knocking both of you out.

*(There is silence as KELLY and AMANDA are dragged to a white van. The man stuffs them into the trunk and locks it. He turns on the engine. The curtain drops.)*

+++++

+

## **Dramatic Scene #2**

# **Johnny One Shot and The Bandit**

(It's 1894 in the Wild West. Johnny One Shot, the best dueler in the west, is in a pub. After ordering a drink, Johnny is looking at a gang in the back of the bar. All of a sudden, a Mexican bandit walks in, and Johnny is the only one watching him.)

One shot: (Calmly looking across the bar and not at him) Watch it kid, you're known around these parts and the sheriff wants your head.

Bandit: There's a reason they haven't caught me yet. (relaxed) You worry about yourself, cowboy, and I'll do the same.

One shot: (Friendly,, and directed to the bartender) Give this man a beer, it's on me.

Bandit: (Slightly self conscious) Woah Woah Woah, you think I can't pay for my own drink?

One shot: No, no, it's not that. I'm just a nice feller tryna' have a beer with another nice feller.

( At this point the gang in the back is getting up out of there seats. One of the stockier ones is rolling up his sleeves and another is cracking his knuckles. The gang begins to approach, the bandit and Johnny look down at their drinks trying to attract the least attention possible)

Johnny One shot: (Moderately quiet, to himself) Oh no, not these guys again. Of all gangs, it had to be my old gang.

Gang member: Hey you. Yeah you. I know who you are, so stop acting like you don't know what I'm talking about. We can either do this the easy way or the harder way. (Bandit looks up) there's 5 of us and 1 of you, if you turn yourself in, no one will have to get hurt.

Bandit: No.

Gang: Fine then, the hard way it is.

(The big guy swings a punch but Bandit ducks and throws his empty glass at him. It shatters right in his face, cutting down the side of his cheek. At this point the bandit is already out of his chair and avoiding all the attacks from the gang. All of the people in the bar are leaving or are too drunk to know what is happening.)

One shot: (grabs a chair and tosses it to the Bandit) Here, use this!

(The bandit then launches it at one of the smaller gang members as he backs up and places himself on the other side of the tables they are fighting across. While this is happening, the bartender pulls out a revolver and shoots it into the ceiling to get the attention of everyone.)

Bartender: (Enraged) You gentlemen best take this outside or ima call the sheriff if he ain't already on his way.

(The men follow these directions)

Bigger gang member: I say we handle this like men and we have a gentleman's duel. Me and the Mexican feller.

(With no objections the Bandit and the big bloody-faced gang member, get into position for the duel. A boy enters the scene running out of his house to see the duel.)

Johnny One shot: (To the kid) Go back inside kid, this ain't gon' be pretty.

(The kid runs back to his house and watches through a half-closed window.)

Johnny: Alrighty folks, one my count, after that you can shoot when you want, but remember you only got one shot so use it wisely.... 3, 2, 1!

(The big guy eagerly takes his shot first and misses Bandit completely)

One shot: You can end him Bandit, you've got all the time in the world.

Bandit: There's no need for that. I may have done some bad things in my life, but killing an unarmed man is not on my list. ( He steps back spins his revolver, and hops on his horse. Johnny 1 shot, having made a new partner, hops on his horse and rides after the bandit.)

++++  
+

## Dramatic Scene #3

### Tabula Rasa

*(An artist and his apprentice walk onto the stage. They are having a conversation. There is a door standing mid-stage-left leading into an art studio. The studio is gray and has rows of paint buckets on shelves lining the walls. A wooden chair is in the middle of the room with a wooden table beside it. Both objects are paint stained. The apprentice stands near his master on the doorstep with a worried expression on his face. The master artist looks depressed and leans his head into his hands as he sits on the steps to the studio. In the room, some objects are in black, white, and gray. Everything that is red is dark gray and everything that is blue is fading into a light gray. The Master Artist is age 36 but looks older than that, as if worn through with constant worrying. His hair is dark brown but turning gray in a few places. His face is lined with care but his eyes are bright, alert, and piercing blue. The assistant is age 19 and a usually very optimistic person. He is tall, lanky and has a very youthful, freckle covered face)*

**Apprentice:** (Worried) Sir, you look unwell. You need to take a break, go to sleep! I know you've had a couple hard weeks but we will find the thief who stole your palette soon.

**Artist:** (despairingly) No, I don't need to rest. I'm still worried about that row I had with that artist. Do you think he might have stolen the palette?

**Apprentice:** (anxiously) Sir, I'm afraid you have no evidence for that. Come inside and get some rest. *(He pulls out a key and opens the door. He steps inside and the master artist follows reluctantly.)*

**Artist:** *(very surprised)* Look! *(grabbing a paint bucket labeled “red” off the floor; it is totally gray)* What has happened? Where did the color go. This used to be bright red paint! Now, there is no color, it’s just... gray! Can’t you see?

**Apprentice:** *(Uneasy)* Sir, I’m afraid I don’t understand. Don’t tell me you are seeing things now too! Please get some sleep, everyone will look at you like you’re crazy if you start talking about strange things.

**Artist:** *(unsure how he feels)* Fine, I will rest for only a little while to get my head to stop spinning. Maybe it is a hallucination.

*(The apprentice leaves as the artist puts his arms on the table and rests his head on them. The lights dim and everything goes dark. When the lights come back on, the artist is still resting but everything is gray. The small window in the back of the room is dark, showing that it is later on in the evening.)*

**Artist:** *(yawns, opens his eyes and starts with surprise)* What! Dear God, what happened?

*(Apprentice enters, he is surprised to see the artist awake)*

**Apprentice:** Oh, good you are awake! I hope you feel better now...

**Artist:** *(cuts apprentice off, pleading)* Tell me you see! Please! Tell me you see that there is no color, please!

**Apprentice:** *(confused)* Color? What is color? Are you feeling well?

**Artist:** *(Angrily)* Yes, I am perfectly fine and no, I do not need to go have a rest. If you would just...(He is interrupted by a knock on the door. The apprentice opens it to find a small note. He hands it to the Master Artist.)

**Apprentice:** What is it, sir? Who is it from?

**Artist:** *(sitting down, heavily)* It says, “Dear sir, you and I are both aware of the changes that have happened over the recent hours. I will not pretend that I am not afraid of what is happening. I do know that I have your supplies and that they are the only colorful things that I have seen for hours. Surprisingly, they have not been affected by the loss of color. I will return your supplies, and perhaps the color of the world, on one condition, that you never paint again.”

*(The master artist drops the note and sits drops into a chair.)*

+++++

+

## **Dramatic Scene #4**

### **GONE**

*(A woman is sitting in a room with her client, a 14 year old girl. The woman is wearing a dark-grey suit. Her hair is pulled back with a headband and she is wearing large glasses. She looks like she is in her early 30s. The girl is wearing an oversized navy blue hoodie with skinny jeans and looks tired. Her brown hair is pulled up into a ponytail. The woman is sitting in an office chair, looking at the girl who is slouching on a couch. The couch is a light grey leather and slightly curves at both ends. The room is very large and looks bare. It has a huge window where the back wall would be that lets in a lot of light. The walls are a clean white, and there is a tall indoor plant in the back right hand corner (from the audience's point of view) and a long brown desk sitting flat against the left wall. On the right wall there is a white door.)*

*(The woman's name is Ava and the girl's is Sophie.)*

Ava: How was your week?

Sophie: Fine.

Ava: And the dreams?

Sophie: They stayed the same. *(Pauses briefly.)* ... Except for one night, where she chose to leave on her own.

Ava: *(Writes something down on a small notepad.)* Did this feel more or less real?

Sophie: More

Ava: Did she ever talk about leaving?

Sophie: Not really. Sometimes she would say something about how she wished she could just disappear, but I never thought ...

*(Ava waits several seconds, waiting for Sophie to say something, but then moves on.)*

Ava: Did she ever tell you where she might go if she did leave?

Sophie: We didn't really talk about it. But she used to say how she wanted to go inside that abandoned building on 31st street.

Ava: Have you gone past that building since?

Sophie: I try not to. It always freaked me out, but Kat loved that kinda thing. She always said it was lonely and needed a friend. *(Smiles slightly at the memory.)*

Ava: Maybe you should try to go back to that area, just seeing it might help you.

Sophie: Yeah, maybe

Ava:

Ava: What were you doing the last time you talked to her?

Sophie: *(Hesitates a bit, not wanting to bring back the memory.)* She had come over to my house the night before to work on our science project, and then she didn't show up to school the next day.

Ava: Did she seem nervous or different when you worked on your project with her?

Sophie: *(Getting frustrated, begins to raise her voice.)* I don't know! Okay?! *(Buries her face in the sleeves of her sweater.)*

Ava: *(Waits a couple of seconds for Sophie to calm down and then changes the subject.)* How are things going at home?



*(Sophie doesn't respond but instead rolls over so that she is facing the backrest of the couch and her face is completely hidden.)*

Ava: *(She is not expecting an answer but has a tiny bit of hope left.)* What have you decided to do about school?

Sophie: *(Answers, her voice muffled from the couch.)* I'm hopefully going to be able to go back next week.

Ava: *(Slightly smiles that Sophie answered.)* That's great. Are you excited?

Sophie: *(Sounds worn out and mildly frustrated with Ava's enthusiasm. Rolls over and begins to push herself up from the couch.)* I think my time is up.

Ava: *(She looks down quickly to check her watch and then looks back up.)* Actually, we still have five mo-

Sophie: *(Uses a sarcastic tone as she gets up from the couch and walks toward the door.)* Thanks Ava, we made groundbreaking progress.

*(Ava flinches as Sophie exits slamming the door. Stays sitting in the same position staring blankly at the couch where Sophie had been moments ago. Exhales heavily.)*

(Curtain closes)

